

**Bringing Out and Bringing In.**

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

The pearl fishery of the Bible continually brings up treasures for the soul. Even the least familiar passages reveal to us fresh truths, or old truth in new lights or at new angles. One of these gems is in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. "He brought us out from thence that he might bring us in." This is a simple line of history, referring to the wonderful exodus from Egypt when Jehovah moved before his people in an illuminated pillar of cloud. But it illustrates most beautifully the outbringing and the in-bringing of every Christian soul.

1. First, there is a deliverance from bondage by the redeeming work of Jesus Christ. Sin is the worst slavery ever known, and Jesus is the most glorious of liberators. How constantly that refrain occurs in the Pentateuch—"Out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." Every sinner is a bond-slave, toiling for the most cruel of masters, and the wages of sin is death. The son of God, by the single sublime stroke of his atoning love, struck off the innumerable fetters and declared emancipation for every believing soul on this sin-cursed globe. As Maclaren, of Manchester, declared in a recent discourse:

There was once a Roman emperor who wished that all his enemies had one neck, that he might slay them all at one blow. The wish is a fact in regard to Christ and his work; for by it all our tyrants have been smitten to death by one stroke; and the death of Jesus Christ has been the death of sin and death of hell—of sin in its power, in its guilt, and in its penalty. He has come into the prison house, and torn the bars away, and opened the fetters, and every man may, if he will, come out into the blessed sunshine and expiate there.

The eighth chapter of the epistle to the Roman is the believer's magnificent chant of triumph. There is henceforth no condemnation to all them who are in Christ Jesus. He brought them out from the old darkness and death into the new light and life. No one can sing this "new song" unless Christ has accepted him, pardoned him, and made him free from the law of sin and death. John Wesley says that first joyful sense of deliverance came when he realized the perfect security of every soul that is sheltered in the Saviour's arms. Does this in-bringing imply a perfect freedom from temptations to sin? No, indeed. The Christian who indulges in this delusive dream deceives himself, and the truth is not in him. The children of Israel did not reach Canaan as soon as the Red Sea was crossed. A long, hard march and severe discipline were before them ere the first man set foot in the land of promise. So every converted soul must go in battle harness, fighting every fur-long of the road to heaven; and the first hour of sinless perfection any of us will experience will be the one we spend after the gates of pearl have shut us in. Perfect assurance does not mean perfect holiness; it means that Jesus Christ guarantees that he will never desert us. "My grace is sufficient;" "No man shall be able to pluck you out of my hands." Who could ask for more than that?

2. Conversion does not merely bring a person out of an old position; it brings him or her into new practices. Conduct is the test of conversion. Old sins are renounced; old habits are sloughed off; there is a new hand at the helm, steering the daily life into new channels. In these times of revivals and enquiry meetings it cannot be emphasized too often that the only religion worth seeking is the religion that purges, sweetens, elevates, and controls the whole life. When stingy Mr. A— begins to send loads of coal to the poor, and unlocks his purse on missionary Sundays; when churlish B— takes his children on his knee and begins to treat his poor relations kindly; when sharp Mr. C— begins to conduct his business "on the square;" when godless D— sets up a family altar; and when gay young E— takes to his Christian Endeavor meeting rather than the billiard room and the theatre, there is pretty good evidence of a change of heart. They have taken a new departure—out of the old and into the path where they can follow Jesus.

There is another coming out that is essential to healthy and happy piety. It is the distinct and decided crossing of the line between Jesus Christ and the ways of the world. No man can serve two masters. No man can linger in Egypt and enter Canaan. "Come out and be ye separate," is Christ's clear command to everyone who enters his church. Never a time when a thorough, clean-cut emancipation from the ways of the world was more needed than now. The Bible draws distinct lines. On one side walks the Master on the other side goes the godless "world" on its road to perdition. Let no young convert try to bestride that dividing line, or leave his heart over on the wrong side. Christians need never expect to draw their frivolous, fashion-worshipping, unconverted neighbors over to Christ's side of that line by compromising. We must draw them up—and do it lovingly—or they will draw us down. Compromises are Satan's pitfalls. The moment we begin to walk one mile with the world, they will be able to compel us to "go with them twain." If we let them have the "coat," they will soon strip us of the "cloak" also. Egypt and Canaan lie at opposite points of the compass. Christ's church can never win the world by denying the Master. Would

to God that in trying to draw sinners into conformity to Christ, we should never allow them to draw us into conformity to their sins! When Moses wanted to win Hobab, he did not offer to stay with him; he said, "Come, go with us, and we will do thee good." If thou goest into an inquiry room with a Bible in thy hand, my friend, be careful to go also with a clean life and loving heart, as well as with a prayer for the power of the Holy Spirit. Then thou mayest hope to lead seeking souls out of the house of bondage into the joy and grace which Jesus gives.

4. What a delightful aspect this little passage from the old Pentateuch gives to that process we call dying—the old Pentateuch gipes to that process we call dying! A bringing out and a bringing in; that's all. An escape from the toils and the tears, the head winds and the hard climbs, the sins and the sorrows of this old sobbing world, and a glorious welcome into the Father's house! Christ had all this in his eye when he died to bring us out of the prison house of sin; he had made ready the palace, and he came to bring us in, and to be forever with him there.

"Out of earth's weariness, trial and sorrow,  
Out of its cares and its fears for the morrow,  
Out of its restless unsatisfied yearnings,  
Out of the fever of human heart-burnings,  
Out of the griefs of deplored separations,  
Out of the pain of night-watching removed,  
Into the sleep that God gives His beloved!  
Into the dawn of a glad resurrection,  
Into the house of unbroken affection,  
Into the joy of Christ—thus confessing,  
Death in disguise is His Angel of blessing."

**Parents.**

A great deal has been said on the platform and in the press of recent years about the diminishing size of our American families; but the supreme question is not one of size, it is one of character. In barbarism there is an immense waste of life; in an over-refined civilization a manifest lack of vitality. The red men had possession of this land for unknown ages, but their whole progeny at the time America was discovered by the whites would not have made up one of our second-class cities. Upon the other hand, it has taken five titled families to keep the throne of England supplied with heirs for a thousand years. Neither the savage nor the multimillionaire will ever inherit the earth. God has decreed that.

The youth needs parents. We do not belong to the prophets who forever weep the decay of old-fashioned family traits. Some of those traits had outlived their usefulness, if they ever were useful. Of all tyrants that ever burdened the earth, the parental tyrant was the meanest. Authority is a poor substitute for affection, and obedience in deference to force can ill replace that cheerful submission which is born of confidence and love. Yea, even we saw a well-known horse tamer defied by an ugly beast which was brought to him for subjugation. At the first act of temper on the part of the brute, the man put up the whip that was in his hand and said with a deep inhalation, "Now, first of all, let me get a good grip on myself." The most important step in the mastery of the horse was the mastery of himself.

Not all parents have learned that. There is no finer judge of character than a child. The child knows iron from velvet, gall from honey. A parent may deceive himself often, but he can seldom deceive his child. The child knows his make-up and his measure to a hair's breadth. Years ago we undertook to break a fine young dog, a great favorite, for the hunting field. We soon discovered that if the puppy could make us laugh, the lesson for the day was spoiled. Unless we were in earnest, we could not expect him to be. But on the other hand, a punishment too severe for the fault it would correct, spoiled the process of instruction for a week. The parent who makes discipline either a farce or a cruelty ruins his work. The parent who most trusts in the rod is least worthy to wield. The only punishment that profits is that whose justice is felt.

The crying want of the age is good fathers. Not fathers who will toil night and day in order to amass a competence for their children, but fathers who will give themselves to their growing sons. The only boy that is safe is the boy whose saved father makes him a confidant, a playmate and a friend. Let some one else teach the boy his multiplication tables; the Christian father must teach him how to spin his top and fly his kite and trundle his hoop. Let somebody else, if need be, teach the lad his algebra; but let no one except the father teach him how to bait a hook and build a fire and dress his first "shiner." Let some outsider teach him the Greek Alphabet; but no one except his own father should teach him how to pitch a ball or vault a pole or load a gun. The most precious opportunities of life are those offered to the parent to enter sympathetically into the life of a child by means of the pleasures that are native to youth. The busiest man in the world can far better afford to neglect his business than to neglect his boy. His most sacred duty is to keep in touch with the lad. Somebody, if not his father, will be his intimate, and so his pattern. Years ago a young man said to us, when we expostulated with him regarding his excesses, "I never knew my father. He was too busy writing

sermons to give any time to me." Was it to be wondered at that the boy broke that father's heart?

Why should not our brethren of the pulpit who have preached to the children, now turn to the fathers and say to them, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord."

Such parental duties carry with themselves blessed recompense. There is no plaudits of the world so well worth obtaining as the approval of a child's conscience. There is no fortune so well worth bequeathing as a memory of a love which was as unweary as it was unfeigned. The parent will find in the child's simple faith and clear moral conviction what he needs, as truly as the child will find in the parent's broader vision and maturer judgment what is essential to his welfare. Each blesses the other. And both are essential to the perpetuity of the church and the well-being of the state.—Interior.

**I'LL FOLLOW JESUS ALL THE WAY.**

I love to sing of Christ my Lord,  
I love in song to praise my God,  
I love to feel that come what may,  
I'll follow Jesus all the way.

My hymn shall celebrate His love,  
The love of earth and Heaven above,  
For onward still by night and day,  
I'll follow Jesus all the way.

Glad anthems in my Saviour's praise  
Shall cheer and bless my darkest days,  
No matter what the world may say,  
I'll follow Jesus all the way.

His praise from life and lips shall ring,  
Until in sainted choirs I sing,  
And that I may His word obey —  
I'll follow Jesus all the way.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Mahone, July 3, 1905.

**THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.**

I wonder if the flowers that blush unseen  
Nearth mountain crag or deep in lonely glade,  
Complain that all their sweetness wasted is  
And doubt that loving wisdom was displayed  
When in the lonely, quiet walks of earth,  
God strewed the seeds that gave the flowers birth?

Ah, no! if discontent were in their hearts,  
And love and perfect trust they could not feel,  
Their beauty fragrance and the grace and charm,  
Would blasted be, and all that doth reveal  
God's everlasting wisdom, love and power,  
Which written is, in every little flower.

When we complain and think our lives obscure,  
And envy Fame upon her lofty seat,  
Then let us learn a lesson from the flowers,  
And seek them in their shadowy retreat,  
To life, true beauty only can be given,  
When we in perfect trust look up to Heaven.

M. V. JONES.

**LIFE'S WARFARE.**

Life is a warfare. Then let us be in it. Nothing is harder or more trying for a soldier in years of active service, than to be apart from conflict and struggle, compelled to have an "easy time," neither giving nor receiving a blow for the cause he loves. How gladly would he welcome to the thickest of the pending fight, even at the cost of wounds or death to himself, while his every breath and blow gave gain to the cause which was worth living or dying for. It is in this spirit that one of Christ's dear ones on the missionary front says of the conflict which she shares: "What a warfare life is! Oh, don't mind! I only pray God to let me be in any battles that are not all my own fault before I die." That is the spirit which to live and to die!—Sunday school Times.

There are many disquieted souls around us; men and women oppressed by care, consumed by anxiety, burdened with sorrow, distraught by disappointment. For them the sun is darkened; joy has been turned into mourning; hope has been cast out by despondency, and despair stands at the doorway ready to enter. This life has lost its zest, and the life to come is deeply shrouded in mystery. It is easy to give up. It is more and more difficult as the days come and go, to hold on. Such a soul can find consolation and refreshment nowhere else but in God. The royal singer points out the way of deliverance when he cries out: Why art thou cast down, O my soul and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. Verily, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, is the refuge of His children.—Epworth Herald.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches  
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;  
But it's never today which the spirit breaks,  
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.  
Helen Hunt Jackson.

Begin each day by tarrying before God and letting Him touch you. Take time to meet God.—Rev. A. Murray.